

The Lincoln County Herald
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TROY, MISSOURI,
WILL practice in the Courts of the Third
Judicial District. n245

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WILL practice in the counties of Callaway,
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A. V. MCKEE. **WM. FRAZIER.**
MCKEE & FRAZIER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI
Will practice in all the counties of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of the
State. mch4 17

F. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
TRUXTON, MISSOURI.
January 1, 1869—July

Dr. J. C. GOODRICH,
DENTIST,
WENTZVILLE, MO.
WILL be in Troy to practice his profession
from time to time. Due notice of these
visits will be given in the local columns of the
Herald. feb25 18

DR. J. L. DOGGETT,
Surgeon Dentist,
TROY, MO.,
IS PREPARED to do all kinds of Dental
work in a substantial manner.

Occidental Hotel,
Cap-au-Gris, Mo.
R. C. MAGRUDER - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is now open for the accommoda-
tion of the travelling public. Well-fur-
nished tables and neat, comfortable apartments.
apl4 70uly1

G. L. COLLIER,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Persons wishing work done will be given per-
fect satisfaction.
20 Old pictures copied.
May 19, 1870—n20

A. H. BUCKNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CHARLES, MO.,
Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and
St. Charles, and in the District and
Supreme Courts. vbnly1

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HENRY QUIGLEY. | EUGENE N. BONFELS.
QUIGLEY & BONFELS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Conveyancers & Real Estate Agents,
TROY, MO.,

WILL practice in the various Courts of the
Third Judicial District (Pike, Warren,
Montgomery and Lincoln). Having been en-
gaged for two years past in making an abstract
of title of all real estate in Lincoln county, they
have peculiar facilities for furnishing at short
notice a complete abstract of title of all the
lands in said county.
July 28, 1870.

JNO. R. KNOX,
BANKER,
TROY, MISSOURI.

Dealer in Bills of Exchange, Pro-
missory Notes and other Securi-
ties. Deposits received,
payable on call.

U. S. MAIL
AND
Daily Hack Line
BETWEEN
TROY & WENTZVILLE,
BY
Jacob Hartman.

HAVING taken the contract for carrying the
mail between Troy and Wentzville, I will
run a daily Hack Line between the places for
the accommodation of the travelling public and my
friends. I have an excellent new hack, and will
make prompt connection with the up and down
trains on the North Missouri railroad.
My standing fare for passengers will be
ONE DOLLAR.
Hack will commence running July 1st, 1870.
JACOB HARTMAN.

Daily Hack Line
FROM
Troy to Wright City

ON and AFTER AUGUST 1st, we will run a
daily Hack line from Troy to Wright City,
carrying passengers and express, and making
prompt connections with trains on the North
Missouri railroad.

We are also running a DAILY HACK LINE
from
TROY TO WENTZVILLE,
carrying passengers and express, and making
connection with the eastern and western bound
trains.
M. McROBERTS & SON.
July 28, 1870.

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 5.

TROY, MO., THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1870.

NO. 33.

The Lincoln Assassination.
WHY J. WILKES BOOTH SHOT THE PRES-
IDENT.

From the New York Democrat.
To attract the attention of the North,
and give a chance for a respite to the
South, John Yates Beall was sent into
Canada to operate on the frontier. His
was a nature much like that of Booth—
hot-blooded, yet cautious. Daring,
but not rash. Booth tried to dissuade
him from the step, but in vain, but prom-
ised to stand to him, if there came a
time when the life of Beall should be in
jeopardy.

For years previous to the arrest of
Beall and his trial, between John Wilkes
Booth and himself had existed the closest
intimacy. They had drunk from the
same cup—slept in the same bed—ad-
mired the same girls—slept convivial
nights together, and so ran their social
lives into each, that like Damon and
Pythias, they were more than brothers.
When last we saw John Wilkes Booth
in Chicago, at a time during the war,
when he, Artemus Ward, or Charles F.
Browne, and the writer thereof, were in
the refreshment room under McVicker's
Theatre, as certain men in Chicago re-
member, he was then, as for years, a firm
friend of Beall. The friendship began
long before—it never ended.

With the plan to abduct Lincoln and
hold him in some isolated retreat in the
South, till, for his release, all Southern
prisoners in Northern hands should be
given up, Beall and others, including
poor Mrs. Surratt, were familiar.

When Beall went as the special agent
of the South on a hazardous mission, the
friendship of Booth went with him.

At last Beall was arrested. He was
tried and sentenced to death. Then,
with him looking into the Eternal Mir-
ror, our chapter begins its ending.

John Wilkes Booth resolved to make
a grand attempt to save the life of his
friend Beall, and conveyed information of
his purpose to him, with the whisper of
hope a part thereof.

At this time Booth loved with strange
and tender devotion a daughter of John
P. Hale, United States Senator from New
Hampshire. He worshipped her as, in
his mind, the best and purest woman he
had ever seen. She admired him, but
not with that eternal reaching wildness of
love his was for her.

For the purpose of our recital we must
draw aside a curtain to reveal a glimpse
of a family picture.

Booth loved her for her worth, virtue,
purity, and goodness. But he was re-
puted a gay man of the world, and she
feared to trust her heart and destinies
into his keeping, though we have reason
to believe she greatly admired him. And
her father, looking to the happiness of
his daughter, as he thought, was not
quite willing to the alliance Booth desired
should be formed. But for the gifted
genius he had a liking and an admiration.

One night in Washington, after Beall
was doomed, John Wilkes Booth and
John P. Hale called on G. W. McLean,
of Cincinnati, who was then in Washing-
ton. They wanted McLean to go with
them to find Col. John W. Forney, and
with him in company, call upon Lincoln.
McLean was unusually intimate with
Lincoln, and had more influence with him
than any other Western Democrat. And
he was cheek by jowl with Forney. Mc-
Lean was to vouch for Booth, with Hale
and Forney to join in asking executive
clemency for Beall.

It was past midnight when the carriage
containing Hale, Booth and McLean left
the hotel where the latter was stopping,
and was driven to Forney's residence.
Forney was in bed under the influence of
liquor.

After some little talk and explanations
he arose, bathed his head in ice water,
made a hasty toilet and took his seat in
the carriage.

The party was then driven to the
White House, reaching there about two
o'clock in the morning. They were ad-
mitted past the guards, and found Presi-
dent Lincoln in his room, not yet re-
tired.

Then came an explanation of the ob-
ject of the visit.

President Lincoln sat by the side of
Senator Hale and listened to the particu-
lars. Booth then and there told that
once he was in a scheme to abduct the
President, not to injure him, but to aid in
the release of certain friends who could
not be exchanged. He told that it was all
of the past, so far as he was concerned.

And then he asked for the reprieve of
Beall, promising on his honor as a man
to ever after be as good a friend to Mr.
Lincoln as a man could be to one who had
rendered such a favor—to warn the Presi-
dent if it came to his knowledge that his
life was in danger, and to hold him self
personally responsible for the good
behavior of Beall ever afterward.

It was a question of life or death.
Beall was doomed. No power save the
Executive could save him. Booth pleaded
with all the impassioned eloquence of his
nature, and thousands upon thousands
knew what that was.

Senator Hale asked the pardon of Beall
as a favor to himself and family.

Forney asked for it for reasons then
and there given; so did McLean.

Booth told the President of their long
established friendship—of his love for
the brave adventurous spirit—of his love
for the young man who was doing for his
people in the South just what a patriot in
the North would have done for the cause
and the people dear to him.

President Lincoln was greatly moved,
even to tears, and gave to Booth his word

of honor as a man that he should be
pardoned.

Then there was joy and happiness in
that room. Booth kissed the hand of
the President, and thanked him with
tearful eyes and choked voice, even after
his friends had taken their leave to leave
the presence of the Chief Magistrate of
the nation, who had promised, and whose
promise was by Booth relied upon.

But alas for human promise. Beall
was hung. The President did not keep
his word—did not pardon him. Seward,
whose tinkling bell sent his better to
battles, said it would not do—that Lin-
coln's duty to the Republican party de-
manded the execution of Beall to keep
tinted the sentiment of the North for
such blood.

Lincoln said Beall must be pardoned,
for he had promised it.

Seward said he must not be pardoned
or there would be strange revelations!

And so the President weakened, with-
held his pardon, and poor Beall suffered
for patriotic devotion with his life.

When Booth learned that Lincoln had
lied to him, and not kept his sacred
promise, his face turned to the pallor of
death, his lips became white, his eyes
seemed ready to burst from their sockets,
and he swore by the Eternal God that he
would kill the man who had lied to him;
and that his own right hand, then raised
to heaven, should avenge the death of his
comrade. And it did!

Booth called to his counsel but a few
friends, some of whom were in Washing-
ton, two of whom were not. He marked
the President for his own avenging, and
to others was given in charge to kill
Seward at the same hour for his inter-
ference.

As we believe, under the directing
power of another world, Booth's hand did
avenge the death of Beall. He was the
martyr to private feelings, for he knew
that certain death awaited him, but he
cared not for that.

But Seward lived. There was not that
"lightning" in the hearts of those who
were deputed to aid Booth in his aveng-
ing that filled the soul with one who set-
tled so terribly in full with the President.

Old Maids and Old Bachelors.
The following tribute is from Dr. Aik-
man's "Life at Home."

There are men and women who, like
some flowers, bloom in exquisite beauty
in a desert wild; they are like trees
which you often see growing in luxuriant
strength out of a crevice of a rock where
there seems not earth enough to support
a shrub. The words "Old Maid," "Old
Bachelor," have in them other sounds
than half reproach or scorn; they call up
to many of your minds forms and faces
than which none are dearer in all this
world. I know them to-day. The bloom
of youth has possibly faded from their
cheeks, but there lingers round form and
face something dearer than that. She is
unmarried, but the past has for her, it
may be, chastened memories of an early
love, which keeps its vestal vigil sleep-
lessly over the grave where its hopes
went out; and it is too true to the long
departed to permit another to take his
place. Perhaps the years of maiden life
were spent in self-denying toil, which
was too engrossing to listen even to the
call of love, and she grew old too soon in
the care of mother or sister or brother.

Now in these later years she looks back
calmly upon some half-cherished hopes,
once attractive, of husband and child,
but which long, long ago she willingly
gave up for present duty. So to day in
her loneliness, who shall say that she is
not beautiful and dear?

So is she to the wide circle which she
blesses. To some she has been all that a
mother could have been; and though no
dearer name than "Aunt," or "Sister"
has been hers, she has to-day a mother's
claim and a mother's love. Disappoint-
ment has not soured, but only chastened;
the mid-day or the afternoon of her life
is full of kindly sympathies and gentle
deeds. Though unwedded, her's has been
no fruitless life.

It is an almost daily wonder to me why
some women are married, and not a less
wonder why many that I see are not.
But this I know, that many and many a
household would be desolate indeed, and
many and many a family circle would
lose its brightest ornaments and its best
power, were maiden sister or maiden aunt
removed; and it may bless the Providence
which has kept them from making glad
some husband's home.

Yonder isolated man, whom the world
wonder at for never having found a wife!
Who shall tell you all the secret history
of the by-gone time of hopes and loves
that once were buoyant and fond, but
which death, or more bitter disappoint-
ment dashed to the ground; of sorrow
which the world has never known; of a
fate accepted in utter despair, though
with outward calm! Such there are.

The expectation of wife or home has been
long given up as one of the dreams of
youth, but only with groans and tears;
now he walks among men somewhat alone,
with some eccentricities, but with a warm
heart and a kindly eye. If he has no
children of his own, there are enough of
other's children who climb his knee or
scize his hand as he walks. If he has
no home, there is many a home made
glad by his presence; if there is no heart
to which he may cling in appropriating
love, there are many hearts that go out
toward him, and many voices that invoke
benedictions on his head.

True—One watch set right will do to
try many a by; but on the other hand,
one that goes wrong may be the means of
misleading a whole neighborhood. And
the same may be said of the example we
set to those around us.

Special Corps of the French Army.
[From the N. Y. World.]

Besides the Zouaves, of which a de-
scription has lately been given, the French
army contains the following special corps:

THE ZEPHYRS.

They resemble the Zouaves in their
uniforms, arms and equipment, and their
organization and drill are almost the
same; but while the Zouaves are a proud
corps and believe in military honor, such
is by no means the case with the Zephyrs.
They are simply a corps of culprits and
jailed. If a soldier of the French
army commits a vulgar and dishonoring
crime, that is, robs, steals, cheats, or
proves to be a coward, he is condemned
to serve on the galleys; but if he only
commits what might be termed a genteel
crime, that is, if he commits manslaughter,
or is insubordinate, then he is condemned
to serve in the corps of the Zephyrs.

They are permanently stationed in Africa,
and the discipline among these rather
dangerous and desperate characters is
terribly severe. Every officer has the
right to kill a Zephyr on the spot should
he show the least sign of insubordination,
and to this circumstance they owe their
name, which they have adopted them-
selves, to express thereby of how little
value their lives are, which at any time
might die out like a zephyr. Their offi-
cial appellation is Corps of Punishment,
and they now number several thousand
men. They paint themselves with blue
ink all over their bodies in the most fan-
tastical manner, and even the hardest
punishment could not put a stop to this
singular amusement, to which they seem
to have taken, because they are not per-
mitted to have cats and get no pay.

When General Pellissier was offered the
command in the Crimea, he accepted it
only under the condition that the Zephyrs
would accompany him there, and that,
if they should behave well, they were to
be pardoned and permitted to return to
their regiments. They were sent there,
and their success was complete.

In the battle near Trarzac, the Russians
had formed a square which the Sardinian
cavalry had vainly attacked, when Gen-
eral Bosquet, who then commanded them,
advanced the Zephyrs.

Some English officers requested him
not to sacrifice his men uselessly, but
Gen Bosquet made them a speech which
commenced, "You sons of hell," and
closed with "forward to the attack." With
the war cry "Vive l'Empereur!" they
swung into and over the Russian
bayonets like a whirlwind, and soon their
yastaghans had made such terrible havoc
in the Russian lines that the most desper-
ate exertions of the Russian officers were
unable to avert defeat.

Owen Grimes.

As long ago as the days when McCarty
edited a paper in the city of Paducah,
the principal hotel in that city was in
charge of a rascally landlord named
Owen Grimes. Among the distinguished
guests of the "St. Francis," was also one
of the distinguished staff of McCarty,
Jabez Johnson, popularly known as
"Yuba Dam." In those days steam-
boats did not carry long at the landing,
and it frequently happened that visitors
at the hotel were so hurried in their de-
parture that they were unable to properly
arrange their business before leaving.
Most of his visitors being planters from
the South, were well known to Owen
Grimes, and had the freedom of his house.
One of these, a Mr. Huston, had on one
occasion been called to a passing boat
without giving him time to settle his
hotel bill. Some weeks later Mr. Huston
was again in Paducah, and called at the
"St. Francis" to liquidate his former in-
debtedness. Yuba Dam was seated alone
behind the office counter.

"I want Owen Grimes," said Mr. Hus-
ton.

"I am Owen Grimes," said Yuba.

"I am strangely mistaken," said Mr.
Huston: "I have seen Mr. Grimes, and
he is a shorter man than you, and has a
red face."

"I have quit drinking," answered
Yuba.

"Well, sir," said Huston, "I left here
in a hurry, owing a bill. If you are
Owen Grimes you can tell me what it
is."

"Certainly," said Yuba; "I remember
it. It is just twenty dollars."

"That's an enormous bill."

"Nevertheless it is Owen Grimes' bill."

Mr. Huston paid it, and Yuba gave
him a receipt. He afterward mentioned
the circumstance to some of his friends,
and was told that he had been deceived.

Furious, he returned to the St. Francis,
and approaching Johnson, said:

"You are a scoundrel, sir. You told
me you were the proprietor of this ho-
tel."

"No, I didn't."

"You did, sir. You said you were
Owen Grimes."

"Well, so I am. I am Owen Grimes a
bill for a month's board, and I am ob-
liged to you for the money to pay it."

Jack Whaley's wife one day happened
to find an elegant piece of white leather
on the road, and she brought it home with
her in great delight to mend Jack's small
clothes, which she did very neatly. Jack
set off the next day little expecting what
was in store for him; but when he had
trodden about five miles—it was in the
month of July—he began to feel a
mighty uneasiness in the saddle—a feel-
ing that continued to increase as the
moment, till at last he said: "It was
like taking a canter on a beehive in
swarming time;" and well he might, for
the piece of leather was no other than a
blister that the apothecary's boy had
dropped that morning on the road.

A Postal Incident.

A young man from the rural districts
went to a post office in New York, with a
bank note for a dollar's worth of stamps.
He was told that paper was not received.
He went for Spanish quarters.

"We don't receive them now, said the
attendant, "for more than twenty cents
apiece."

The countryman thought Uncle Sam
mighty particular, so he went and ob-
tained a dollar's worth of coppers.

"Now," said he returning to the office
and laying down his pile on the window
of delivery, "I guess I can suit ye."

The man inside looked at the display
of coppers, and coolly replied:

"We never take more than three cents
in coppers at one time, it is not legal ten-
der above that sum."

The countryman looked at the com-
posed official for the space of a minute,
without stirring, and then belohed out:

"Look here, you, ain't you mighty kind
of particular for fellows backed up in
such a jail as this ere? You don't take
only three cents of coppers at a time,
hey? Well, then 'pose you give me
three cents worth of stamps, anyhow."

The official very politely cut him off a
single stamp and passed it out, for which
the countryman laid down three cents.

He was about to pass away, when the lat-
ter cried out:

"Look here, you, that 'ere's one at a
time. Now 'pose you give three cents
worth more of them?"

Uncle Sam's clerk was not slow in dis-
covering that he had caught a Tartar.

He turned back to the window, and
asked:

"How many coppers have you got?"

"Well, only about ninety seven cents.
I had only a hundred when I began."

"Pass them in," was the gruff reply.

"Pass out your stamps fast and then I
will; but I reckon you won't ketch me
agin."

The stamps were passed out and the
coppers handed over, when the country-
man went off, muttering—

"I 'pose because a feller holds an of-
fice under Uncle Sam, he thinks he's
smart'n' all creation; but I guess he larnt
something that time!"

New York Street Car Incident.

A few days ago an incident, which has
not made its way into the papers, took
place in one of the Sixth Avenue cars,
and becomes worth mentioning because it
illustrates the avidity with which gen-
iality rushes to the rescue of itself and
the discomfiture of the churl. The car
contained a dozen passengers, all of whom
were men, with the exception of one,
who was a boy. Immediately opposite
the boy, who occupied one corner, sat a
man whose countenance was a compen-
dium of malignity. He looked as if all
the gall and wormwood of existence had
flowed through the cracks and crannies of
his face. Suddenly the boy, whose face
was a bright contrast to that of his op-
posite neighbor, began whistling "Shoo
Fly." It has been said that the First
Napoleon foamed at the mouth at the
sound of church bells in the country.

Premontory symptoms of such a crisis
came over the man I have described, at
the first notes of this popular classic.

"Shut up!" he screamed. "What do
you mean? Shut up!" This in a tone
of indescribable malignity, and loud
enough to be heard by all the passengers.

The poor boy, completely abashed, "shut
up." But one of the nearest passengers,
seeing how matters stood, fixed his eyes
upon the man, and with a firm, even flow
of breath, commenced whistling the ob-
noxious air. The joke seemed to spread.

One by one the passengers fixed their
eyes upon the wretched churl, and joined
in that immortal melody until, when the
refrain, "Shoo fly, don't bodder me,"
came in, the boy who had been rebuked
ventured to lift up his voice and whistle
to his heart's content, and the car went
rattling along the avenue, the atmosphere
around it ringing with the whistles of
nearly a dozen voices. To describe the
rage and bewilderment that succeeded
each other over the countenance of the
victim would be an eminently difficult
task. At length, unable to bear it any
longer, he jumped up, took the number
of the conductor, and swearing he'd
have him discharged for allowing his car
filled with public nuisances, plunged off
while the vehicle was in full motion.

No other author, ancient or modern,
could bring the pleasing scene which
Addison describes before our very eyes
with equal vividness and fidelity to na-
ture. He says: "I walked by the side
of a stately river, renowned in commerce,
in history, in tuneful song. The evening
was tranquilly beautiful; the sun
was departing in regal glory; the cres-
cent moon rose in the amber sky. The
sound of plashing oars and merry voices
mingled with the nightingale's plaintive
thrill, and the pensive chimes of distant
bells. Seated on the bank at a youthful
pair. Their hands were joined; her face
was turned to his with all the ardor of
passionate affection, with all the purity
of maiden innocence. Wishful not to
disturb their happiness, I selected a path
which took my steps away from the turf
of verdure they occupied, when, turning
once more to admire the glowing west, I
saw, to my amazement, my sorrow, that
her head was averted, that her hand was
no longer clasped in his. That moment
a cloud passed over the face of the moon.
Had a cloud so soon overshadowed their
happiness? My interest in the lovers
overcame my unwillingness to intrude on
the retirement. I approached and heard
a slight but familiar noise. My fears
were dispelled, my doubts were at an
end. She had turned away her face, and
withdrawn her hand—to sneeze!"

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A Liberal Deduction will be made to
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In diving to the bottom of pleasure we
bring up more gravel than pearls.

He who says there is no such thing as
an honest man, you may be sure is him-
self a knave.—Bishop Berkley.

One should not dispute with a man who,
either through stupidity or shameless-
ness, denies plain truths.—Lock.

They that marry ancient people, merely
in expectation to bury them, hang them-
selves, in hope that one will come and
cut the halter.—Fuller.

Unkindness—More hearts pine away
in secret anguish for kindness from those
who should be their comforters than any
other calamity in life.—Young.

Appleton's Journal is responsible for
the following: If postage on papers is
reduced to one cent, there will be two
sent where there is one sent now.

The greatest pleasure of life is love;
the greatest treasure is contentment; the
greatest possession is health; the greatest
ease is sleep; and the greatest medicine
is a true friend.

FRIENDS.—Let no one count the num-
ber of his friends till they have been
bolted through the sieve of his own ad-
versity, for there is much bran in pros-
perous friendships.

Talents give a man a superiority far-
more agreeable than that which proceeds
from riches, birth or employments, which
are all external. Talents constitute our
very essence.—Rollins.

In making friends, consider well first,
and when you are fixed be true, not
wavering by reports nor deserting in
affliction, for that becomes not the good
and the virtuous.—Penu.

A young gentleman sent seventy five
cents to New York recently for a method
of writing without pen or ink. He re-
ceived the following in large type, on a
card: "Write with a pencil."

A noble red man, named John, recently
settled in New London, Conn., stands six
feet two inches in his moccasins, and his
Americanized descendants proudly inquire
"How is that for High Lo Jack?"

The wind is unseen, but it cools the
brow of the fevered one, sweetens the
summer atmosphere, and ripples the sur-
face of the lake into silver spangles of
beauty. So, goodness of heart, though
invisible to the material eye, makes its
presence felt; and from its effects upon
surrounding objects we are assured of its
existence.

A country deacon went home, one even-
ing, and complained to his wife that he
had been abused down at the store shame-
fully. One of the neighbors, he said,
called him a liar. Her eyes flashed with
indignation. "Why didn't you tell him
to prove it," she exclaimed. "That's the
very thing—that's the trouble!" replied
the husband; "that's just what I did do;
I told him to prove it—and he did prove it!"